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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1675.

Choice Poem.

GODIVA.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

I waited for the train at Coventry,
I hung with grimy coal-pots on the bridge,
To watch the three half-spires: and there I stayed
The navvy's evasive hypocrisy did—

Not only we, the insect-weed of Time
Bear man, that in the dying of a wheel
Cry down the poor, not only we, that posts
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And leaned to see them overtopped, but the
Did mourn and understand, and commune—
The women of a thousand Summers back,
Godiva, wife to that great Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the workers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve,"
She sought her lord and found him, where he kept
Almost the hall, among his dogs alone,
Who heard a cool horse-hoof without, and knew
It used behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Perceal he swore in anger, half-amazed,
To see her still labor in the outer cold,
For such as these—"But I would die," said she:
He laugh'd and swore by Peter and by Paul
Then lifted at the diamond in her ear,
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart, as ready as Rome's heart,
To answer it, "Ride naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it," and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So, left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. For sure a breeze began
To tell the leader of the herd that things
Were evil; for his sleek sides pricked with flies:
And acre after acre of the sun
Spread, and the sound of reapers reached the house.
Godiva rose, and, moving through the court,
Raised the long horn that hung beside the door;
And winding it, that bellowing shriek, made known
That all the town should keep within doors.
Then she took down a wand of rowan, tied
With fern and flower, and issued in the street.
For in those days the mistress of a house
Was more than mistress, and the scandals of
Thy Christian village had not made it strange
That women should be noble, or that Power
Was given to holiness, or that there lived
Divinity in grief. But now the deed
Was such as no one dared to look upon.
Godiva, moving to the city gate,
Her establishment, as fearful of herself,
Unclosed the doors, and immediately
Fled all the doors upon the people, who
Remembered all her pains, and how she had
Brought their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve."
Then thro' the open doors she passed, and sent
Her voice before, and cried to all within
"Let every window and casement be shut,
For I am coming through the town naked."
Not one dared look upon her, save alone
Her children, whom she bade to keep themselves
Hidden, and mind her horse and hound, and they
Obeyed her, more than they had ever done
Their mother when she ruled in bower and hall.
And she, full modest in her virtue, rode
Forth on a palfrey. O, she rode like Love,
For Love himself took part with her. The bells
Ceased from their business, and the awful sun
Did look a little shame-faced as he hid
Behind the slope of Kenilworth. Only the wind
Utter'd a voice, that sung unseen, and past
Before her, carrying rumor of her coming.
Godiva unbeheld, unheard, unseen.
Yet there was not a window in the town
But felt her presence. Not a door but shook
Before her. Not a footfall echoed her.
Not one eye looked upon her, save the eye
Of her white palfrey, as she past by.
Until she came to the center of the town,
To Cross, to Charing, to the Tun, and there
Among the civic wreaths of flowers she saw
Her own fair head, crowned with a troop of flowers.
Then she, who had not lifted up her eyes,
Bowed her head, and the shame of all the town
Flash'd thro' her as she rode, till she reached
The footway of the church, and there she found
Her people, huddled in their houses, all
Had kept their children from her, and the walls
Were hung with blinds of black, and over all
Death, with his countenance of mildness, stood
Upon the threshold, and the church was filled
With whispers, and the whole town was as still
As the last day will be, when all the dead
Shall be assembled in the valley of Doom.
And she, she knew not whether this were code
Or simple custom, did not know herself
For shame or glory—knew not anything
But that she rode there on the naked horse
Before the people, and their eyes were fixed
Upon the ground, and all the low wind hardly
Breathed, and the white mare was cold with fear.
And so she past, and no one dared look up
Or look another thro' the casement, till
A little boy, no bigger than a mouse,
Peeped at the doors, and thro' the doors, and saw
The processe coming, and all the town
Was still as death, and then he smiled, and said
Softly to himself, "I will look up at her."
And all the latticed windows in the town
Flew open, and all the doors, and the wife
Looked from the casement, and the maiden thrust
Her head out of the wicket, and the babe
Was lifted up in mother's arms—all saw
Godiva, and some laughed, and some cried,
And others sighed to see her, and unseen
The boy looked up at her, and the town
Remembered her, and all her pains for them,
And blessed her, and the tears were blessed
That fell for joy from many eyes unseen.
And so she came to the end of all the town,
And more than half the people in the town
Were there, and mixed with them were those
Who came to see the show. And she herself
Smiled to the tone of blessing which she felt
Was falling on her from her own good town,
And wheresoever her white palfrey turned
Her head, the people cried before her face
And blessed her till she past into the court
Of the great castle, and the doors were shut,
And she was left alone in her bright hair.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEARESS:

A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

[ENTERED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "DISAPPOINTMENT," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC.]

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

Twelve years!, and the insurgent subservience, the fawning obsequiousness, the fulsome flattery of the Democratic party to their Executive Servants. Other interests succeeded to other matters engaged public attention, the Governor died and his family were settled in the executive palace. Daniel Hunter had hesitated for a long time between the propriety of taking their abode in the palace for the period of their own residence there. It had been a very delightful idea to the country girls to range through its rooms, through the spacious suites of regally furnished chambers, and choose their own apartments—and much deliberating, cheapening and disputing ensued before they could be finally settled. But Mrs. Elizabeth insisted on having a large room together, which should serve for parlor-sitter—Lucy wanted a chamber with a view, a city view, and a glimpse of a steeple—and Daniel Hunter, who was somewhat professionally gratified—even Lesley's, who found that children's nurses were rather fashionable, in consequence of the height of the house, with whom the making two ways. I have not yet determined what girls to you, and it may be well to do so here.

Harriet and Elizabeth were twins, twenty-five years of age last birthday. They were as much alike as two peas-in-a-pod. They were both of the medium portrait with full, oval faces, regular features, fresh complexions, and black hair and eyes. So far be well; but the stature, the forehead, the straight, short nose, the full lips and rounded chin—the whole expression of the face, of unintellectual, characterless, genial beauty; and the highest expression of their handsome eyes—was the same. Harriet was the eldest of life. In a word, they were robust, handsome, jolly girls, with nothing very remarkable about them, except their both of fine, great beauty and joy.

Lucy and Lesley were different from their elder sister, and different from each other: and cannot be described together. Lucy was just twelve, and a beauty, if any one could be called a beauty, now the peerless Augusta. Lucy was of medium height, with a slender, graceful figure, elegantly formed hands and feet, small, pretty head, delicate features, fair complexion, blooming cheeks and lips, white, intense blue eyes, and golden, auburn curls. Her brothers called her the wax doll and she had a right to be complacent, and did her best to "look like lilies. Miss and white were Lucy's favorite colors, and flowers her favorite ornaments. And as mental beauties were out of the question, and as, therefore, the beautiful Mrs. Hunter could be no rival, Lucy was constantly destined to be the attraction—the bright, particular star—the reigning divinity of the palace saloons for the season.

Lesitia, or Lesty, just sixteen, was the youngest of the sisters, the Cinderella, the Goody-two-shoes, the ugly duck of the flock; yet, withal, the rosy, the brave, and the pet, as will be mentioned, then, and ought—out of all the others. Lesty was extremely well endowed with herself, her sisters, and her circumstances generally. Of her own face she said that she would not exchange it for any other face she had ever seen, or heard, or dreamed of; as that her features were crossed, described, painted or imagined! that no other possible combination of form, and color of features and complexion could ever do its duty so faithfully in expressing her meaning. As her own dear, true face. Nor would she suffer its beauty to be called in question for a single moment, either by jest or in earnest, by any one whatever, without bravely standing by it. Her face, she said, was all that a face ought to be, or could be. It was not only beautiful, but exactly perfect—and if any one could not perceive it, the imperfection lay in their own eyes, or in their own minds, or in their dog-face. "And as for brains," she said she had "all the brains in the family—not excepting even my brother Dan." And no one ever could tell how much in fun, or how in earnest Lesty was, in asserting her own pretensions. Yet Lesty's personal attractions would certainly not seem transcendent in a description. But little figures are only tolerably well proportioned, and its features were too brisque for grace. And as for her little sallow face, it is not only, in a portrait, to do common justice to a countenance that depends solely upon its expression for all its attractions. How does this look, for instance—very irregular features, a sallow complexion, black hair, and light gray eyes? Ah, but the usual attractions would certainly not seem transcendent in a description. But little figures are only tolerably well proportioned, and its features were too brisque for grace. And as for her little sallow face, it is not only, in a portrait, to do common justice to a countenance that depends solely upon its expression for all its attractions. How does this look, for instance—very irregular features, a sallow complexion, black hair, and light gray eyes? Ah, but the eyes! Set in a frame of long, thick, black lashes, that cast deep shadows on them, they appear, in hour seasons, and light and laughter by slumbering in them, until, in the word, a jest, or a thought, they awake, leaping into light! Her countenance, in the usual mood, expressed benevolence and enjoyment. Besides, her black hair curled of its own sweet will," and clustered thickly around those full temples, and her gray eyes by flooding it rippled agreeably below

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

NO. XV.

Paris, June 27th, 1853.

As ever, yours,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

Clippings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

"THE LITTLE PILGRIM."

AMERICAN PERFUMERY.

THE MOCK AUCTIONEERS.

Miscellaneous.

THE CHINESE REBELLION.

THE COUNTESS BOCARME.

THE COMET.

New Publications.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

TROUBLES IN TREE-TOWN.

BY HANNAH ANN.

SUN, MOON AND STARS.

SOMETHING TO CAUSE SORROW.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Clippings.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Latest, August 24.—Telegraphic despatches from St. Petersburg to the 20th instant, announce that the Czar had definitely accepted the proposals of the Emperor of France, for a personal interview, and, says one, that the Porte accepts the mediation of Russia, and will negotiate on a basis of concessions.

An extraordinary Ambassador was to leave Constantinople on the 21st, to arrange with the Sultan's decision, as soon as the Russian troops were ordered to withdraw from the Principalities.

Lord Brougham has come in for a handsome bequest of nearly £30,000, made by the late Mary Pilkenly, of Hampstead, spinster.

Prussia is "out of rapport and admiration for the conduct of Austria and Napoleon."

A letter from Constantinople, dated July 31, says that intense excitement existed there in consequence of the appointment of Omer Pasha to Bucharest and Wallachia to stop the movement in regard to the union of the Principalities. The Turkish army was in subjection, and there was not a man who considered himself insulted.

Fuad Bey, the secretary of young Wallachians who arrived in Paris. They fled from their country to avoid the threatened punishment for Russian invasion. It is said that after the departure of these young men, numerous arrests were made, and that the prisons were filled with persons suspected to other inhabitants of the Principalities who likewise take refuge in Paris.

The wheat crops throughout France are reported as rather above average, and the vintage is expected to be abundant.

Paris, August 25.—Padre Vilali, the Administrator of a Capuchin Convent, has been condemned, at Rome, to seven years' labor in the Convents, and when he had the pulpit he was in the habit of preaching against the Emperor.

Paris, August 7.—The King of Saxony has arrived in this capital. Baudad Redactor has received from Constantinople, dated July 31, a letter from the Lombardo Venetian kingdom, dated, July 27 — "Affairs have become quite changed that 8 months of resting upon with British reports that the Austrian Ultra Bellicosist have been and left that place for Rome, caused them to be pronounced, and that the Austrian Emperor would repose that these persons are recalled. The Austrian Emperor has given up all idea of mediating between the various chiefs of the movement party, and has left the matter entirely out to be supreme.

The Patrie likewise publishes a sentence by Count Martial of Udine, of the 21st ult., sentencing to death and confiscation of property having a wife and family, and, as the sentence says, a large property, which is of course, at this time, to two years' imprisonment in irons, for having been found in correspondence with the Archduke Ire-tech and a good record. The sentence has been commuted to imprisonment, without irons.

Count Cavour's councils, of the 6th, mentions the cessation at Antona, of a man named Garibaldi, aged 52 years, who was a sailor early, for having been found in possession of prohibited correspondence.

Vienna, August 2.—It is the persons here that the Emperor Napoleon has left Milan for Genoa, as guilty of being members of an organization which has for its object the creation of a movement in favor of the Emperor Napoleon, to establish his residence in France.

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The Paris Constitutionnel says the Emperor of Austria has issued a proclamation to the effect

Selected Poetry.

THE DEAD.

The dead are around us, their voices we hear,
The communion of spirits, the mystical power
All the wide earth—the firmament and the air—
Is sacred with beings of viewless form.

Within the populous street,
In solitary homes, in places high,
In chamber-lone, where crowds are met at nature's mart,
Man feels themselves is also.

The old come at his door;
The venerable sire, encumbering on crutches' help;
The matron and the fair, the rich, the poor,
All—all to death belong!

The sable-clad with the child,
Of lovely innocence outwrought with bloom;
And the long shadow of the cypress fall
Athwart the solemn grave.

The living of your time
Bedded their glorious arms by the sea,
And acted in their generation, as the living
Act in the now.

As if no change could be.

They pay the accustomed tribute,
The poet's lamp, the sculptor's and mute stone;
And leaving women with their children young,
The festival and the fair.

They were, but they are not;
Some rose and set, and much pat on her bloom.
Whilst man, unmindful, held the moments lot,
Went down into the tomb.

And still, amid the wreck
Of mighty generations passed away,
Earth's honest growth, the fragrant wild flow'r,
Grew on.

The youth of yesterday.

And in the twilight deep,
Or in night's solemn hour,
Or noon-day, when the sun is in his power,
Sister of Lazarus, to the grave to weep,
To's mortal is but human.

The dead are every where:
We tread on their dust, we inhabitants, on their;
Their memory is with us, glory or pride; whether in
Life be it not, or death.

Selected Sketch.

THE GAMBLER.*

"A restless idler, and the trade would have come without me," said I, or, almost breathless with running, I placed myself in the corner of a first-class carriage on the train from Versailles to Paris. Three persons and a little dog were my companions, and I began to scrutinize them; and then, as by an instinctive impulse, I felt, in some degree with dancing some tale or adventure of which I was the unconscious personage. Near me sat a pale-looking young man, somberly yet elegantly dressed, and so intently reading, that neither the noise of the train nor the carriage scarcely caused him to lift his eyes from his book. His countenance was of a study pertinent; seemingly in that happy state which is between sleeping and waking; his shoulders were wide, his hair gray and scant, and his thick and bushy eyebrows almost met, amidst his deep-set eyes, which shone as if in them some internal impulse were coming and going in reading. "Pshaw," thought I, "this is probably an irate correspondent to his Republican nephew to the town." And then I turned my attention to a young lady who occupied the other corner of the carriage. She, too, was pale, and more interesting than handsome. Her dress, though plain, was perfect and evidently the production of some first-rate artiste. Her whole style proclaimed her at once to belong to the higher order of society. Her eyes were large, and blue, and tearful—real; her lips smiling; and a small gold watch, which hung from a gold chain at her side, was frequently and evidently consulted by her. Opposite to her by a small English dog of no common breeding, a spaniel, and his two front fingers were employed; the second daily, and the third in the middle of the left hand, were in beside with diligently, frequently placing her pencil near her heart, or while conscious I observed the white of a rich and costly handkerchief was my travelling companion. The opposite corner was occupied by a man of forty, richly dressed, fanning away a strange history connected with these persons. In what profusion, I thought, that they were strangers to each other; and then the lady traveling alone to a first class carriage, and the single dog accompanying her. The general breakfast, her reserved looks, and a watch-guard but one hour before fold of superstition, but quickly interrupted by our arrival at our destination. The train stopped; the pale gentleman exhibited his reading; the lady again sighed, and placed her hand upon her watch; the old gentleman left the car, and none seemed inclined to make the first move; so, slightly bowing to my companions, I left the carriage, and drove home myself in possession of a room at my hotel.

Dinner over, I went to the theatre, and from thence, by the persuasion of a friend, to a private gambling-house; and great was my surprise to find in the midst of the crowd around the table the same old gentleman I had met in the railway carriage, and to whom I had assigned the character of a morose old uncle. Very few people were present, and play had not yet begun; and the croupier, or presiding person, as they are called in England, were not off on their high stools, on the other side of the table, in that social indifference which, whether natural or assumed, seemed always to mark each man. The old gentleman was seated at one end of the table, nervously grasping in his hand a massive scarf-box, while his eyes scanned anxiously to wander between the heaps of gold before him and the door, which, each opening, gave entrance to another of my travelling companions, the young man, the fancied orphan. Although very few people were present, play soon began. It was range et noir. Every round was headed, except the voices of the dealers calling the result of the games, and the rattling of the gold as it was "raked" from one to another.

I never play myself, and since I kept up among the few gamblers present but my two travelling companions, my attention was altogether engrossed by their proceedings. Indeed the large sums which were lost by the young man, the restless, anxious looks that he cast upon the table, only to be swept from before him, his pale cheeks reddened by excitement, and his frequent and hasty draughts of water, painfully interested me; and then his continual losing, the end of luck that was so evidently against him, and the cessation of all other play but his, fairly engrossed me. About one o'clock in the morning he left the room, and I heard every person to suppose, without a Napoleon in his possession. I immediately followed, and, much excited, with my friend repaired to sup in a neighboring coffee-house.

"You seem much excited with what we have seen," said my friend; "and since you cannot conceal the interest you take in play, and the evident need you have for it, I admire you the more that no inducement can tempt you to participate in the game."

"I will never play myself," said I; "though I confess the play deeply interests me, especially such high play as we have just seen. Somehow, which, I was doubly interested, since both the keeper of the Bank, and the banker at whose hot-house so much, were my silent companions on the railway from Versailles last evening; and then, when we have seen a man of such inveterate in the fight for fortune I absolutely engrossed single and orphan."

"The young man you allude to," replied my friend, "is a subject in the Russian service, Count Zaremoff, subsidiary for his past losses. Yet I know what sustenance between the greater portion of the officers are drawn from their pay, but still, from what I know, I fancy that this poor man had not much remaining. He has just come from Naples, where I left him on the eve of the sum they say he left behind him. He is an incorrigible, and strange to say, his so most invariable luck has not taught him wisdom. The the banker is I do not know; I never saw him here before, though I heard he is a Spaniard, who has just joined the concerns with a very considerable capital. But here comes Monsieur Clement, the supposed perpetrator of the trance; let me introduce you; he will tell you of the business."

The usual compliments being exchanged, M. Clement took a seat at our table; and then I heard that the supposed Spaniard was no other than the celebrated Polish officer, and, as it was said, of high birth, although he was only known as Count Carlo. He lived very simply, and in great retirement, and it was only the day before that he had, to the astonishment of everybody, proposed to take the Bank into his own hands. His evident command of money, and the large sum he offered, were such as had induced the proprietors to comply with his seemingly strange proposal. It was very late, or rather so an early hour in the morning, that we separated; and I do not know how others I turned in my bed, for then I could compose myself to sleep. My chamber, by the way, was small; the night oppressive; and my window was in the adjoining room, from which I was separated but by a slight ornamenting door, against it some more rotten than myself. He passed his room immediately, and occasionally I heard the sigh or groan of excited or bodily distress. I suppose it was the wine I had drunk, the excitement of the gambling-house, and the fatigue of the journey, that at length overpowered me, and I fell into a profound slumber.

I was awakened by the sound of a pistol-shot. I started from my bed, and, in the confusion of the moment, I knew not whether I was in my own room or in the adjoining one. Some sudden idea, however, which presented me from pulling open the door, and I found myself in the young man's antechamber. At last, however, I fell asleep; and, on awaking, I found that it was late, and I dressed and breakfasted; and even when I left my room and repaired to the theatre I had not yet heard any report of the event which had taken place in my chamber. Something was in a dread of impending evil, and dreamed of all their classes, and soon was back to my hotel to acquire and hourly din. But I was disappointed. The man who had taken me in was not there, and I was informed by my waiting-servant, the woman was evidently crying, and the little she said was in French, which was sight. A gentle chorus through the corridors of the door leading to the apartment, and the circumstance of the pistol-shot was quite greatly excited my curiosity. I will not attempt to palliate the offence of listening to that I could not help myself; but even now while I write, so that my neighbors could understand me, I am ashamed of the meanness. I was at first soft and entreating;